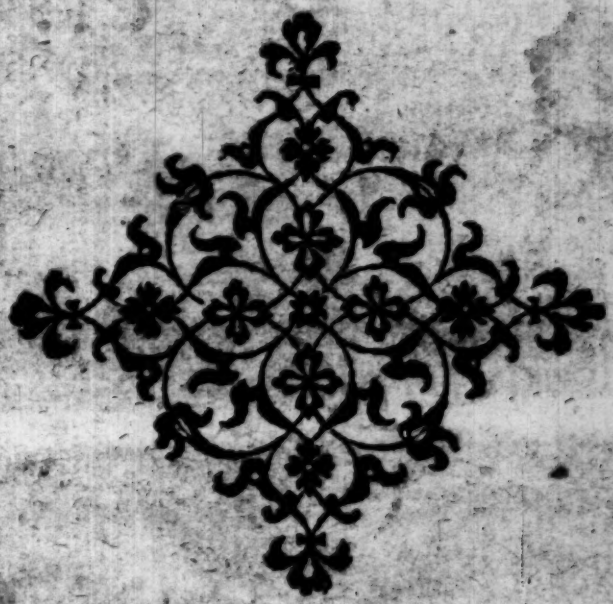
HISTORIE OF HEAVEN:

Containing the Poeticall fictions of all the starres in the firmament: gathered from amongst all the Poets and Astronomers.

By *Chrystopher Middleton.*



LONDON
Printed for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop at the little North doore of S. Paules. 1596.

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Containing the Poetical fictions & all the starres in the firmament: gathered from amongst all the Poets and Astronomers.

By Chr. Heber: Middleton.

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To his very good friend master Robert Traps, C. K. wisheth health.

SIR, in kindnes to requite some part of your curteſies, who haue tyed me vnto you as in the debt of friendſhip: I haue choſen your ſelfe as the fitteſt Patron, vnder whoſe protectiō I might put forth theſe vnpoliſhed lines of the Authors: which though of themſelues they deſerue not ſo general an applauſe, as popular affection haue linked vnto other mens labours: yet let the worth of the ſubiect ſomewhat ſtrengthen the weakenes of the outward ſemblance, and ſo feeding a yong muſe with the ſhew of a friendly ſmile, as accepting his good will, though your expectation be not fully ſatisfied in his worke, you ſhall imbolden

imbolden him in a better vaine to performe some more perfect labour, that may deserue more fauour. VVhich if it happen into my hands, I will make your selfe a partaker of that, for your forward acceptance of this.

Fare you well.

Your louing friend.

C. K.

The Historie of Heauen.

WHen from a chaos of confuſed things
Was fram'd the compaſſe of this chriſtall skie,
The ſubiect which my home-borne muſe now ſings,
Though farre vnfit to reach a note ſo hie,
As is the muſicke making courſe of it,
Whoſe loweſt ſtreame orereaches euery wit.

Then when perfection in her courſe did bring
The hidden knowledge of thoſe god-like arts,
That worlds faire frame, which heauen-borne Poets ſing,
Was made to memorize great mens deſarts:
Where, by ſucceeding ages ſhould be ſeene
The wonders that in oreworne worlds haue beene.

This true vnſtainde record not ſpangled then
With euerlaſting characters of gold,
Where now is writ the workes of gods and men:
The ſtories that time long agoe hath told,
Was then vnfurniſht of thoſe glorious lights,
That now makes day time of the darkeſt nights.

This is the circuit which some please to call,
The glorious starrie spangled firmament:
Others imagine it that golden wall,
That compasses the heauens continent:
And of those nine fayre Orbs great iudgements write:
This is the highest obiect to our sight.

Whose motion formes these elementall frames,
Quickens the naked shapes that nature makes:
Sorts euery subiect to the seuerall names,
And workes what Gods intended for our sakes,
Turnes backe perforce the motion of the sunne,
Makes morning, euening, night, and cheerefull noone.

The first that in this monument of fame
Next to the Articke pole supplies a place,
Is faire *Calisto*, famous by that name:
Descended from th'Arcadian kingly race,
Whom for her beautie *Cynthia* did intertaine,
That she might waite vpon her maiden traine.

This Nymph once bathing on her in a brooke,
To coole her bodie in the chrystal glide:
Where to that end her fellowes she forsooke,
By *Iupiter* was luckilesly espied:
Who with her sight set suddenly on fire,
Gins studie how to compasse his desire.

Long time his wauering thoughts did run about,
Orelabouring of themſelues to finde the way,
That from this labyrinth might leade him out,
And yet himſelfe thus loath for to bewray,
Transformes his ſubſtance to *Dianaes* ſhape,
By that meanes thinking to obtaine her rape.

Where,with the damſell vnderneath a ſhade,
He ſpends that pleaſant day in ſweet delight:
Offring to ſhew himſelfe: yet halfe afraide,
Leaſt with his ſudden change he might affright
His fearfull Loue,not yet come to his call,
And by that meanes loſe labour,Loue, and all.

Gins like a nibling fiſh that halfe miſtruſts
The golden ſhew of an intiſing baite,
Makes many offers for the thing ſhe luſts,
Daring to deale with that ſhe deemes deceit:
So playes this amorous God,with his faire prize,
Whom loue and luſt bids boord,but ſhame denies.

At laſt as ſwelling tides breakes downe their bounds,
That all this while hath kept them in perforce,
Orelying forcibly their neighbour grounds,
And loath to come into their former courſe:
So driuen to the deede with ſtrong deſire,
He gins to make a flame out of his fire.

Which when the shamefast naked Nymph gins see,
How subtilly she poore soule was oretaine,
With modest words defends her chastitie:
Alleaging what an euerlasting staine
Would cleaue vnto her soule for this offence,
With which nor Gods nor mortall men dispence.

When like a subtill Syren he begins
To tell her it was credit to offend
With mightie men, their credit cloakes their sins,
What they misdoe, their might doth straight amend:
And therefore was *Achilles* weapon saide,
To heale the wound that it before had made.

At last with his perswasiue tongue he wonne
The castle of this maidens constancie:
They melt with words as waxe against the sunne:
So weake is many womens modestie,
That what sometimes they most would seeme to shield,
Another time vnaskt poore soules they yeeld.

On her this wanton God begot a sonne,
Whom she calde *Archas*, at whose luckles birth
Diana (for this trespasse she had done)
From her sweet seruice doth expell her forth,
Plaguing *Calisto* with this rigorous law,
That her mishap might hold the rest in aw.

And

And ielous *Iuno*, that had ſeene all this
That her eſcaping husband had done here,
Inflicts a heauier doome on her amis,
Changing her bodie to an vgly beare:
And makes her now perforce poore ſoule to dwell
In deſart dungeon, groues thrice worſe then hell.

Where after many yeares ſhe had orewoene,
Grieuing at that, hard hap had brought to paſſe,
Changde from the ſhape wherein ſhe firſt was borne,
And ſaue her mind, naught left of what ſhe was:
The fates yet more to croſſe her wearie will,
Inflicts vpon her now a greater ill.

For whil'ſt her ſtripling ſonne ranging abroad,
To ſeeke amongſt the ſhadie trees ſome game,
Whereas his wofull mother made abode:
Thither by chance her careles offſpring came,
Who ſeeking to purſue ſome beaſt or other,
Was firſt of all incountred by his mother.

She willing to interpret her intent,
For that her tongue denies to take his turne,
With fawning friendſhip tels him what ſhe ment,
And would ſay how (poore ſoule) her heart did burne
With the inceſsiue ioy, a mothers eye
Surfets vpon her childrens ſafetie.

Thus

Thus ſtanding at a bay, the fooliſh boy
Miſconſtering her motherly good will,
Cheeres vp his heart with ouer cloying ioy,
He had found a beaſt he was in hope to kill.
And caſting from his hand a harmfull dart,
Pierces his mother through her tender hart.

Which murder that it ſhould not here remaine
A wondring preſident for times to come,
How in deſpite of God, his Loue was ſlaine
By her owne offſpring, and his baſe got ſonne:
To heale this harme and make all iniuries euen,
He takes them vp and places them in heauen.

Where in the Iſle frozen Artick clime,
Turnde into ſtarres in likenes of two Beares:
This mother and her ſonne ſince ſpends their time,
Keeping continuall motion with the ſpheres:
Seuen of which ſtarres that in their ſhapes remaine,
Are by our common people called *Charles waine*.

But *Iuno* for to croſſe them he had bleſt,
Compounds with *Neptune* God of watrie ſeas,
That where all other ſtarres doe take their reſt,
Theſe two ſhould neuer taſte that quiet eaſe:
Gainſt whom this God oppoſes ſuch great lets,
That in all Europe theſe ſtarres neuer ſets.

Next them compounded of thirteene fayre ſtarres, 3. I
A hidious Dragon circles moſt of theſe, The
He that kept ſafely with his watchfull warres,
The golden garden of the Heſperides:
Whom the right rendring Gods haue placed there,
For to requite the toyle that he tooke here.

Then ſtands *Cepheus*, ſometimes Egypts king, 4. Ce
Husband to *Caſsiopeia* the faire:
From whom *Andromeda Perſeus* Loue did ſpring:
Vpon whoſe ſtock the Gods had ſuch a care,
That at his beautious daughters happie birth,
They ſwore none of that kinde ſhould waſte in earth.

Bootes next, on whom the Gods haue plaſt, 5. Bo
To keepe the Beares that *Ioue* here dignifies:
Leaſt *Iuno* in her egar wrath ſhould caſt
Her husbands darling from the azured skies,
And quit the fault before he had miſdone,
Vpon this wretched mother and her ſonne.

Then of nine ſiluer ſtarres is made a Crowne, 6. Co
A garland beauties Goddeſſe once did twine, The c
And gaue to *Ariadne* for a boune:
When as ſhe matcht with *Bacchus* God of wine:
After vngratefull *Theſeus* fled away,
And left his Loue to periſh and decay.

Which *Bacchus* in remembrance of his Loue,
Plaſte in the hēauēns as too good to dwell
Beneath with men, but with the Gods aboue,
Where it ſhould neuer wither, but liue well,
And be the trophees of their nuptiall pride,
— Which *Venus* gaue him for to grace his bride.

ules. Next them, the labouring conqueror of kings
Alcides is, whoſe lookes yet menace wrath
To the ſucceeding iſſue of thoſe things:
Monſters and men that here he put to death,
Arm'd at all poynts there this worlds captaine ſtands,
With his victorious weapon in his hands,

He from his wife, whom long he had not ſeene,
— Receiued for an intermiſsiue good
A poyſoned ſhirt, that by her meanes had beene
Stain'd in the venome of a Centaures blood:
Whom once himſelfe bereaued of his life,
For offring wanton daliance with his wife.

Which he ſuſpectles puts vpon his backe,
And proude of his wiues fauour he was in,
Wore it, till it began to worke his wracke,
And forcibly did pierce his skarles skin,
Eating his ſtrong made limmes and ioynts aſunder,
Whoſe might was to the world a matchles wonder.

Which

Which treaſon when too late he now perceiues,
How thus vntimely he was made away:
Vrg'd with the poyſoning paine, he madly raues,
Diſdaining that the world of him ſhould ſay,
How he which ranſackt hell, and conquerd earth,
Should by a womans meanes be brought to death.

So on a mountaine making vp his neſt,
Where Phœnix-like he now intends to die,
And bring his haples ſoule to hopefull reſt,
By this vndoing of his miſerie:
Caſts his decaying limmes into the fire,
Where death had quickly finiſht his deſire.

But for of ſeuerall ſubſtances combinde,
Begot vpon *Alcumena* by great *Ioue*,
His mothers earth to earth he there reſignde.
His godhead that the Gods doe hold aboue,
As loath their ſubſtance thought it here diſcend,
Should with mortalitie make here an end.

Next that, the golden Harpe whoſe well toucht ſtrings 8. *L*
Could moue the maſsie ſtones with melodie: The
Raiſe rooted trees, and ſtirre all liueles things
To follow on her heauenly harmonie:
Make riuers turne their ſtreames another way,
And come vnkindly for to heare her play.

Some ſay the riuer *Nylus* ouerrun,
To water the black burnt Egyptian plaine:
When time calde backe her ſtreames whence they begun,
To keepe their courſe into the ſea againe,
There with innumerable fiſhes more,
It left a Tortoyſe ſprauling on the ſhore.

Which dried with the moyſture drawing ſunne,
Young *Mercurie*, as once he paſſed by,
Stroke it with his ſtaffe: whereat the ſhell begun
To make a muſicking murmuring melodie.
Which the young God takes vp with an intent,
To make of it a formall Inſtrument.

And to that ſweete tungde Poet that did ſing
Such pleaſant Poems in the iawes of Hell:
The Gods decree to giue this heauenly thing,
For that his arte could exerciſe it well:
After whoſe death their deede they did reclaime,
And fetcht this Harpe to heauen backe againe.

us. Then ſits a ſiluer Swanne, vnder whoſe ſhape
an. The wanton God obſcur'd his deitie,
When as he purchaſde louely *Ledaes* rape,
And reuelde in a ritcher treaſurie.
—— Then was combined vp in *Paris* ioy,
Whoſe ſun-bright beauty burnt faire blowming Troy.

Whilome

Whilome inamoured *Ione* with her faire eyes,
Conſorts with wanton *Venus* for his will:
She like an Eagle, he in the diſguiſe
Of a white ſeeming Swanne, ſeekes to fulfill
His hungrie hope that ſets his ſoule on fire,
With neuer dying flames of hot deſire.

And as the Ladie ſitting by a brooke,
Vnder a broad bloom'd Roſe ſweet ſmelling ſhade,
Apollo for to glut him with her looke,
Stops the ſtrong paſſage his proude courſers made:
Wiſhing tenne thouſand times in *Thetis* ſted,
This beautie were conueyed to his bed.

When theſe beguiling birds, as though by hap
The Swanne had fled his furious foe for feare:
He for his refuge takes this Ladies lap,
And courteous ſhe content to keepe him there,
Sits her downe further vnderneath the ſhade,
For to preuent the meanes the Eagle made.

And looking louely on this beautious bird,
Smoothing his ſiluer plumes with her ſoft hand,
His ſilke-like feathers here and there ſhe ſtird,
He with his wings the ſweete fumed aire fand,
For to alay the ouer ſmothering heate,
That valed her angels face with pearlie ſweate.

Thus lyes this God in beauties proudeſt bed,
Couered with curtaines of her iuorie armes:
Her ſnow white breaſts are pillowes for his head,
Her ſugred words intiſing heauenly charmes,
Whoſe ſiluer ſound were able to aſſwage
Warres furious God in hotteſt of his rage.

At laſt, intiſing ſleepe perſwades her eyes
To feede her idle ſences with content:
Which this loue armed God, ſtraightwaies eſpies,
And takes that time to practiſe his intent:
When in her ſlumber ſoftly there he wrought
The full content of his inueagled thought.

For which good turne, to gratifie his friend,
Vnder whoſe couert he contriu'd his luſt,
And brought his hopeles thoughts to happie end,
In quenching of his drie deſirous thirſt,
Plac'd her within this compaſſe mongſt the reſt,
Where for that deede for euer ſhe is bleſt.

Then comes faire *Caſsiopeia* Egypts pride,
That with her beautie brau'd thoſe peerles dames,
Nereides the ſea Nymphs that abide
Vpon the wattie worlds ſtill mouing frames,
Tripping like ſummers Deere from place to place,
Vpon the dancing waues faire gilded face.

For which contempt, the cenſuring Gods decree,
She ſhould be changed to her deepe diſgrace
Into ſome ſtarres: where for her miſerie
Here they appoynted her abiding place:
And in the motion of the heauens ſtill,
She's backward drawne as though againſt her will.

Next is her husband *Perſeus*, *Daneas* ſonne,
Whom *Iupiter* beguil'd with golden ſhoes:
Dazeling her eyes (vntill the deede were done)
With preſent pleaſures which breede after woes,
Raining into her lap ſo ſweete a ſhowre,
As would haue wonne a thouſand women more.

From that deceitfull daliance *Perſeus* ſprong,
Who after prou'd Heauens champion in their warres,
Againſt *Meduſa* that durſt offer wrong
To Gods and men with her diſturbing dares:
Whoſe monſtrous face orehung with ſnakie haire,
Made Heauen tremble and kept earth in feare.

This ſouldier armed with *Mineruaes* ſhield,
Plum'd with ſwift *Mercuries* aire-beating wings,
And his bright ſword now readie for the field:
Proud that the Gods would vſe him in theſe things,
Cuts through the emptie aire and vnſeene way,
That brought him downe where fierce *Meduſa* lay.

Where

Where in that ſingle combat ſhe orecom'd,
Humbles her ſelfe vnto his conquering hand:
He takes her head, and leaues her bodie numbd
With deaths cold comfort ſprauling on the ſand:
Then with that purchaſe backe againe he flies,
To be eternizde for his deare bought prize.

When as he towring in the emptie aire,
Sees in the ſea a maiden weake and pale,
Whoſe ſemblance ſeemed that ſhe had been faire:
Though feare had now oreſhadowed in a vaile
The faire vermillion tincture of her face,
And left her there the conqueſt of diſgrace.

This was *Andromeda*, the Gods had bound
Vpon a ruthles rocke to be the pray
Of a fierce fiſh, by whom ſhe muſt be found,
And for her mothers pride ſhould there decay,
Proude *Caſsiopeia* that durſt hold plea
With the faire offspring of the foming ſea.

Whom *Perſeus* from her painfull priſon frees,
And then at libertie he pleades his loue:
For whoſe requitall ſhe ſtraightwaies agrees,
Vowing her fancie neuer ſhould remoue,
Vntill diuorcing death to both their paine,
Should ſeparate their vnited ſoules againe.

Thus

Thus as theſe new met louers homewards hies,
Proud *Perſeus* to his ſole commander tels
The hidden vertue of his hidious prize,
How with her lookes all humane power ſhe quels,
And metamorphizes her gazers on,
To an vnpenitrable ſenceles ſtone.

At length vnto *Sariphus* Ile they come,
Where *Perſeus* grandſire old *Acriſus* meetes him:
Glad that his nephew had ſo happily wonne
This hopeles conqueſt, kindly comes and greetes him.
But looking wiſhly on the monſters face,
Turn'd to a ſtone he ſtands ſtill in that place.

When *Perſeus* grieuing at his grandſires death,
Brought by his meanes to this vnhappie end:
Caſts downe his conqueſt to the curſed earth,
And vowes in ſorrow his ſad dayes to ſpend:
Whoſe hap to helpe the powerfull Gods agree,
To take him vp amongſt this companie.

Then comes *Auriga* or the Wagoner,
Whom Poets ſay is young *Hypolitus*,
Who fled his mothers luſt: and for the care
The Gods requites his continencie thus:
That ſenſuall ſinners by this meanes may ſee,
How heauens remunerats his chaſtitie.

12. The ner.

By him ſtands *Capra Iupiters* kind nurſe,
Who by his mother *Ops* conueide away
From th'execution of his fathers curſe:
To whom the Delphion Oracle did ſay,
That by his owne ſonne, *Saturne* ſhould be driuen
From his great kingdome of all-keeping heauen.

When *Iupiter* conueyed from his rage,
Was by this ſhe-gote foſtred in a downe,
Vntill he came to ſtrength and able age,
And had depriu'd his father of his crowne:
Then he rewards his nurſe to her content,
By placing of her in the firmament.

Next vnto him a mans faire picture ſtands,
Compoſed of xxiiii. glorious ſtarres,
Holding a wreathed Serpent in his hands,
Striuing as though they two were ſtill at iarres.
This *Eſculapius* is *Apollos* ſonne,
That could bring life againe when life was done.

He when *Hippolytus* was all to torne
By the foule fleſh-fed iades that drew his carre:
Setting his limmes againe as they were borne,
Reuiues them all as erſt before they were.
For ſuch his cunning was in Phiſicks skill,
He could expell deaths danger at his will.

Whereat

Whereat the Destinies incenst with wrath,
Complaines to *Iupiter* how they were wrong'd
By mortall men, whose might could conquer death,
A thing which solely to themselues belong'd.
Telling him he must curb these forward men,
Or their aspiring minds would orereach them.

At which the angrie God shaking his head,
Throwes downe a thunderbolt, that with his weight
Hits *Esculapius*, and so strikes him dead.
But *Phœbus* hardly brooking of that sight,
Takes vp his sonne, and spite what *Ioue* can doe,
Sets him in heauen for to ease his woe.

Mynos the Cretane King had one sole heire
Nam'd *Glaucus*, louely like the Gnidian Doue,
Straight as the new sprong pine tree, and as faire
As faire *Adonis Cythereas* Loue.
But hungrie death that all things doth deuoure,
Cuts vp this bud of beautie fore his flower.

Whom *Esculapius* for his former cure,
Was by constraint inioyned to regaine:
And to that end the King did there immure
This Artist where he now must needes remaine,
And either bring him back againe his sonne,
Or let death glorie in the deedes he had done.

When the poore ſcholler copte vp with the courſe,
Brooking but badly his impriſonment:
Beguiles the tedious time with a diſcourſe
Of wiſedomes rule and wils fond gouernment,
How wiſedome this worlds ſoule ſhould be combinde,
With a fond wilfull ouerruling mind.

At laſt he finds will ſtronger of the two,
But wiſedome the director of his might:
For proofe whereof, he ſees how great beaſts bow
And humbly caſts themſelues at wiſemens feete.
Then thinkes he to himſelfe, it cannot be
Will ſhould haue now ſuch conqueſt ouer me.

But then he found it how it came to paſſe,
Authoritie that will was ſometimes in:
Ietting like *Æſopes* moralized Aſſe,
Vnder the couert of a Lyons skin:
This is the wofull thing (quoth he) that ſtill
Muſt keepe Gods wiſedome ſubiect to mans will.

When to breake off his ſolitarie muſe,
A Serpent comes to him whereas he ſits:
Which with a ſtaffe he commonly did vſe,
He ſtrikes at, and his ſtroke ſo ſurely hits,
As piercing of the poyſoned Serpents head,
His foe fals downe and at his feete lyes dead.

Then

Then ſuddenly from forth another place,
A ſecond Serpent brings in a faire greene leafe:
With which, touching his fellow, ſtraight doth chaſe
Triumphant death, and brings loſt life reliefe.
Which done, the wormes makes haſte to get away,
And leaues the leafe where the dead Serpent lay.

At which ſtrange ſight the man now halfe amazed,
Takes vp the leafe and layes it on his skin:
At whoſe ſoft touch the child againe was raiſed,
By working of the like effect in him.
Which Serpent, *Phœbus* for this deed ſhe had done,
Places in heauen with his happie ſonne.

There is the ſtrong ſteel'd arrow that did kill
The Griph that fed vpon *Promethæus* hart,
Chain'd to the top of *Caucaſus* cold hill,
Whom *Hercules* releaſed from that ſmart
The Gods had caſt vpon him in their wrath,
For fetching fire from heauen downe to earth.

The Eagle's next that *Iupiter* did ſend
To ſteale away the wanton ſmiling boy,
Whoſe neuer matched beautie ſtill did lend
More meanes of pride to peacock plumed Troy,
That in the ſummer of her fayre ſprong flower,
Thought ſhe had robd the Gods of all their power.

He with abundance ſurfetting his minde
Of womans fading pleaſure quickly ſpent:
Turnes his affections to another kinde
Of laſting loue that was more permanent.
For ſuch is the effect of too much ſtore,
It makes them lothe that which they lou'd before.

This Eagle in the ſearching flight he made,
Sees this earths wonder by a bubling well:
Wooing *Narciſſus* like his owne faire ſhade,
That in his owne conceit did farre excell
The mixture, which to womens foule diſgrace
The Gods had ſhadowed in this wantons face.

—Nature, when as this god-like boy was borne,
Taunted by *Venus* that he was too rare:
Sayd ſhe had fram'd his face in heauens ſcorne,
Whoſe Angels ſparkling eye-bals were ſo fayre,
As they ſhould draw men from their chiefe reſort,
And make proud women loſe their beſt priz'd ſport.

Thus at himſelfe as wondring all alone,
The carefull foole did ſoftly take him vp:
And to her maſter quickly gets her gone,
Who takes him for to waite vpon his cup:
Where he for euer, as old writers ſay,
Seru'd *Ioue* with Nectar and Ambroſia.

Orion

Orion that did first of all inuent
The siluer Lutes sweet trembling harmonie,
Stor'd with abundant riches, as he ment
To saile towards *Lesbos* from sweet *Italie*,
The Saylers, for the wealth he there had stor'd,
Determin'd for to drowne him ouer boord.

Whom he intreates to let him touch his strings,
Before they worke their pitiles intent:
The which they graunt, and then the Poet sings
The tragick tale of his disparagement,
Sighing (poore soule) it was his owne mishap
Now in his age to dye in dangers lap.

A floating Dolphin that had hard all this,
Houers about the ship to heare some more,
Orion straight leapes out vpon the fish,
And the poore creature proud of that he bore,
Passes with pleasure through the surging maine,
And sets him safe in *Italy* againe.

Which curteous deede the Gods doe thus repay,
Placing this fish within the firmament:
Where his remembrance neuer shall decay,
As long as they keepe in this Continent.
For with the Gods good deedes are so regarded,
As that they neuer perish vnrewarded.

Young

Young merrie *Bacchus* when his idle head,
Combred amongst his cups, was out of frame:
Gets him a little easie paced steede,
That softly might conuey him whence he came:
After whose death the pleasant God obtained,
His horse in heauen might be intertained.

After *Meduſaes* conqueſt, of her blood
The ingendring ſunne another monſter breedes:
A flying horſe that long time ſtoutly ſtood,
Refuſing to be curbd like other ſteedes:
Vntill *Bellerophon* deuiſde a way
To bring this ſtubborne courſer to his bay.

But he intending for to ſhape a courſe
With his winged Palfray vp vnto the skies,
Amidſt his iourney tumbles from his horſe,
And in the ſeas like *Icarus* he dies.
But vp to heauen the horſe ſtill kept his way,
Where euer ſince he holds a certaine ſtay.

Next that, *Andromeda* young *Perſeus* wife,
To whom the heauens promiſde at her birth,
They would extend her euerlaſting life,
After ſhe had run her mortall race on earth:
And carefull for to keepe their promiſe ſure,
They plaſte her there where ſhe doth ſtill indure.

Ceres

Ceres in loue with fruitfull *Cicilie*,
Whose soyle did euery yeare affoord more corne,
Then from her neighbour countries treasurie
Could in a long deuouring time be worne:
Craues of the Gods, that with them still might stand,
The three squar'd forme of this thrice luckie land.

All these abides within these Artick climes,
And keepes continuall motions with the spheres:
Now followes these diuiders of our times,
The Signes, through whom the sunne makes vp our yeres,
And in twelue months drawes out his motion euen,
Going through euery seuerall signe in heauen.

The first is *Aries*, the golden Ramme,
That carried *Phixius* and his sister ouer
The surging Hellespont, from their curst damme,
Ino old *Athmas* wife their second mother.
Whose dangerous iourney *Iupiter* requites,
Turning this Rammes rug'd shape to heauenly lights.

This was the Bull the God transform'd him to,
When as he stole *Eutropa* by a wile,
Carrying her ouer where she would or no,
To dallie with his Loue in Candies Ile.
Whose losse old *Agenor* long time bewayl'd,
Till when he saw his wayling naught preuayl'd.

Within his forme ſeuen ſtarres which Poets call
Old *Atlas* ſeuen fayre daughters, whom we reade
The immortall Gods did companie withall:
And to requite their Lemmans for this deede,
They liberally thus rewards their Loue,
By placing of them with themſelues aboue.

But fayre *Electra* eldeſt of thoſe ſeauen,
That night when wofull Troy was ouerturned,
Pluckt back her head, and would not ſee from heauen
The flames wherein that ancient citie burned:
Since which time this ſeauenth ſiſter hath not beene
Amongſt her other ſiſters euer ſeene.

ini. Next him the Twins which *Iupiter* begets
On louely *Leda* in his Swans diſguiſe,
Caſtor and *Pollux*, whom their father ſets
In heauen as obiects for our mortall eyes:
For the requitall of his former ſcape
He made in compaſsing their mothers rape.

r. Then comes the backward creeping Crab that went
On *Iunos* meſſage to that maſſe of men
Alcides, whom before her ſelfe had ſent
To warre with *Hydra* in foule *Lernaes* fen:
Where when ſhe came as ſtrongly as ſhe might,
She bites his heele, thinking to croſſe his fight.

But

But *Hercules* when *Hydras* heads were done,
Looking about him who ſhould doe this deede:
Oretakes the ſloe paſte ſhell-fiſh as ſhe run,
And beates her ſelfe borne-houſe about her head.
When *Iuno* pitying of her ſeruants paines,
Takes her to heauen where ſhe now remaines.

The furious Lyon in *Numeas* groue, 26.
Iuno inioyn'd her husbands ſonne to kill: 5.Si
With whom great *Hercules* a long time ſtroue,
For he could bring the beaſt vnto his will:
This *Ioue* when as their wearie warres were done,
Placed in heauen for to grace his ſonne.

Then *Iuſtice* comes the laſt of all the Gods, 27.
That left her reſidence here on this earth: 6.Si
For lacke of whom the world grew all at ods,
And man to man curſes each others birth:
For then vſurping wrong ſucceeded ſtraight,
That no man knew how long to hold his right.

Then cals the world for *Iuſtice* backe againe,
Complaining how they now were ouerrun:
And they would ſuffer any ſcourging paine,
In penance for thoſe ſinnes themſelues had done:
For that their wickednes did force this power,
To leaue the ſeate whereas ſhe ſate before.

Whereas the Gods did in their court decree
Iuſtice ſhould be transformed to theſe ſtarres,
Where fooliſh men might euery minute ſee
Her, that ſhould helpe theſe miſeries of theirs.
But ſtand like *Tantalus* within thoſe brinks,
Where he ſees water, but yet neuer drinks.

Next her the *Ballance* ſtands, wherein ſhe had
The vnequall deedes of mens vntruly liues,
Which *Iupiter* there ſaw to be ſo bad,
As for their ſakes for euer he depriues
The world of *Iuſtice*, which they had before,
That ſpar'd no rich men, nor oppreſt no poore.

Orion proudly boaſting of his ſtrength,
There was no monſter that he could not kill:
The earth brought forth a *Scorpion* at the length,
To trie what this proud bragger could fulfill,
Whom this impoyſoned Serpent with her ſting
Killed, before their combat could begin.

For recompence whereof, the Gods did take
This Serpent vp againe from of the earth,
And of his ſubſtance there a ſigne they make,
To let men know they ſhould not deeme their worth
More then the power of heauen: for they can
Quickly controll the ſtrongeſt ſtomackt man.

Faire

Faire *Epheme* that nurſde thoſe ſacred dames
The learned Muſes authoriſes of Arts,
Whoſe wits all kinds of heauenly cunning frames,
And liues eterniz'd for their great deſarts
In many a golden line, that will preuaile
When all deuouring time it ſelfe ſhall faile.

Had to her ſonne faire *Crocus*, that did ſup
The milke thoſe learned ſiſters left behind:
Whom *Iupiter* at their requeſts takes vp
To dwell amongſt this metamorphiz'd kind:
And for his knowledge did exceede compare,
The Gods haue thus determin'd of him there:

Like to a Horſe they frame his hinder parts,
To ſhew his knowledge in braue martiall deedes:
His vpper limmes tels vs the skill in Arts,
Wherein all other men he farre exceedes:
Fram'd like an Archer, that the world might know
His ſharpe wit by his arrow and his bow.

The giant *Tiphon*, heauens greateſt foe,
When as he menac'd all the Gods with warres,
They for to plague him for diſturbing ſo
Their quiet kingdome with his churliſh dares,
Sets themſelues readie all in battaile ranks,
Vpon the bordering plaines to *Nylus* banks.

When subtillie by their foe intrapped there,
And no meanes left them for to scape away:
Disguisde themselues in other shapes for feare,
Where *Pan* the shepheards God, as writers say,
Was glad by turning of his former coate,
To shew like halfe a fish and halfe a goate.

Whereas the God setting himselfe to swim,
For feare his foe should circumuent his shape,
Ioue by great chance in this sort seeing him,
Gins wonder at the strangenes of his shape:
And when the Gods were all come from these warres,
They place this shape of *Pans* amongst the starres.

This is young *Ganimed* the Troian boy,
Whom *Iupiter* fetcht for to be his page,
And rauisht all his beating vaines with ioy,
Sucking the sweet taste of his tender age:
Whom afterwards the God did here set vp,
Powring in Nectar to a golden cup.

Venus and louely *Cupid* on a day,
Seating themselues by Euphrates faire glide,
Spending the time in dallying wanton play,
Was by the giant *Typhon* there espide,
Compassed them about where they were set,
As once black *Vulcan* tooke her in his net.

For

For feare whereof the Goddesse was constrain'd,
Clasping her young sonne in her siluer armes,
To take the water, where they were sustain'd
By fishes that conueyd them from those harmes:
  Whom afterwards the Goddesse thus requites,
  By turning of these fishes to fayre lights.

Thus haue we run this Circle round about,
Wherein the daily Sunne still keepes his course:
From whence his fierie teame neuer broke out,
But wholly rul'd young *Phaeton* by force.
  Now to the Southerne climates are we led,
  To tell what stories there are chronicled.

Next to the Signes is plaste a mightie Whall,
By which *Andromeda* should haue been slaine:
Whom *Perseus* vndertooke to fight withall,
To free his Loue *Andromeda* from paine.
  For the remembrance of which victorie,
  She is recorded in this Registrie.

Iupiter, *Neptune*, and young *Mercurie*,
Trauailing in humane likenes vp and downe,
Were by *Hyreus* welcom'd curteously:
Which to requite, the bid him aske a boune:
  Of whom the man desir'd he might haue
  A sonne before death brought him to his graue.

Then

Then doe the Gods command him bring the skin
Of a young oxe that was but newly ſlaine:
Wherein they piſt, and puts it ſtraightwaies in
The earths cold wombe, bidding him raiſe't gaine
When as the tearme of ten full months were done,
And of that vrine he ſhould haue a ſonne.

Which charge he kept: and when the time was paſt
He takes it vp, within whoſe folds he found
Orion, from the vrine they there plaſt
Growne in the bellie of the hard cold ground:
After whoſe death in memorie of this thing,
Him and the hide to heauen they did bring.

Eridanus or *Padus* is the next,
Within whoſe ſtreames young *Phaeton* was drencht:
At whoſe offence great *Iupiter* being vext,
Strikes him ſtraight downe, whereat the fire was quencht.
And in remembrance of this Riuers name,
It ſtands in heauen for quenching of that flame.

And at his feete they plaſte a fearfull Hare,
For that he moſt delighted for to view it,
Whil'ſt on this earth he was conuerſing here
With mortall creatures, and there would ſtill purſue it
With two fierce dogs, that there doe alſo ſtand
Readie attendants at their maſters hands.

The ſhip in which proud *Iaſon* came from Greece,
Stoutly attended with a luckie traine
To *Colchos*, for to winne the golden fleece,
Which by *Medeas* loue he did obtaine:
For her ſucceſſe the Gods doe dignifie,
Next to *Orion* and his companie.

Apollo on a time would needes inuite
Iupiter for to be his welcome gueſt,
And ſends the Crow wherein he did delight,
To fetch him ſome faire water for his feaſt,
Sending him with a golden cup away,
And charg'd him ſtraitly for to make no ſtay.

The Crow as he was flying to the ſpring,
Spies a faire fig-tree ſtanding by the way,
And then forgetting what he was to bring,
Determins there awhile to make his ſtay:
Where fore he goe this ſeruant meanes to ſee
The yet greene figs full ripened on their tree.

After long time when he had eate his fill,
He then too late remembers what was paſt:
And taking a dead Serpent in his bill,
Backe to his angrie maſter flies he faſt:
To whom the ſillie foule begins to tell
How that foule Serpent kept him from the well.

At which the angrie God chafing to ſee
Himſelfe abuſed by a ſimple fowle,
Meanes with an euerlaſting miſerie,
His too bold miſdemeanour to controule,
And into heauen to his ſhame takes vp
Himſelfe, the Serpent, and the golden cup.

Next them the man that was ſo famous,
Chiron the Centaure for his famous arts,
Chiefe ſchoolemaſter to *Eſculapius*,
Achilles, and *Alcides*, whoſe deſarts
Wonne with the Gods ſuch an exceeding fauour,
As that they plaſte him here to liue for euer.

Next him a woolfe, which heauens to this end
Plaſte there beſides him, for he was deuout:
The fame of his deuotion ſhould extend
Vnto all times, and nere be blotted out:
Holding a ſacrifice within his hands,
To offer on an Altar that there ſtands.

Next that, the Wheele that wrought *Ixions* paine,
For offring daliance to the heauens Queene,
Whereon in hell long time he did remaine,
Till pitie mou'd the Gods for to redeeme
This curſed creature from his puniſhment,
And place his rack within the firmament.

The laſt that's in this monument of fame,
Is a fayre fiſh whom they tearme *Venus* daughter,
Tranſformed in the ſea, and for her name
Theſe ſtarres continued there euer after:
Where ſhe and all the reſt are fixed faſt,
As long as heauen moues and earth ſhall laſt.

Thus did the Gods with fauours ſtill regard
The dutifull demeanes of earth-bred kinds,
And gaue to euery deede his due reward.
Such is their equall iuſtice rendring minds,
That no affections drawes away their fauour,
But euery thing's rewarded for his labour.

The weake they doe not ouerpreſſe with weight,
Nor feare they what the mightie man can do:
The rich man with his cloſe fiſt golden ſleight
Cannot corrupt their rightfull iudgements ſo.
Thus without hope of gaine, or feare of might,
They rendred vnto euery man his right.

But when the world, orecloyed with this good,
Began to ſurfet in intiſing ill,
Then turn'd they downe the wheele where Fortune ſtood,
And lets them reape the fruits of their owne will:
So that theſe after times as Poets tell,
Are for their follies regiſtred in hell.

Where now they show not in faire fixed starres,
But shadowed in foule mists and frying fire,
With fiends and furies keepes continuall warres,
From which their wearie soules shall nere retire.
So was the first world blest with heauenly fauours,
And the last curst with painfull hellish labours.

FINIS.